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Baptism of a Hindu Holy Man.

(Rev. J. C. Blair (Broach) in 'Irish Missionary Herald.')

To-day I had the unspeakable joy of receiving into the Church the first-fruits of our touring in the Broach district. The character of the old man whom I baptized, his work as a Hindu Sadhu, his resolution to have his baptism take place in his own village, before the people of the village and his own disciples, his firmness and the grand testimony which he made for Christ when, as he was disowning the popular gods of this country just before his baptism, a Brahman disputed with him and appealed to him not to forsake his old faith, his noble and courageous testimony in the face of this opposition, and all the circumstances connected with him since I came to know him some four years ago, make it the most interesting baptism I have ever had to report.

His name is Sitaram Gopaldas, and his age, he says, is 75 years. In spite of his great age he is still active in body, and his mind, which is stored with Hindustani literature, is also strong and vigorous. Thirty-eight years ago he became a Sadhu or Hindu saint, and as such he has lived for the past thirty-five years in the village of Karela. He has many disciples who acknowledge him as their religious teacher, and who actually worship the old man when they come into his presence. His former history is not a long one, but it is the history of one who for many years has been searching after the true God that he might worship him only. 'During the first fifteen years of my life,' he said, 'I knew nothing of God. I only ate and played. Afterwards I came to know some Sadhus, from whom I learned of the existence of God. Then the thought came to me—"Where is the Great God?" About him I inquired of many, and did according in their words; thus for a long time I continued seeking him. Then I thought if there is one Great God I should lay hold on him and know him, and should forsake all to find him. At this time I was about thirty or thirty-five years of age. I wandered much, and sought at many shrines the Truth, but did not find it. At last, when my hope in visible gods had gone, and I failed to find what I sought in them, I turned to seek the Truth in the sacred books. These are many, but I read them and sought and sought and sought the Truth in them till the thought became established in my mind that there is only one God, and there is none beside him. He is everywhere, and knows all that is in our hearts, but where he is specially, and how to know him, I could not find out. Then I came to know you, and through you Jesus Christ, by whom we know God, for he dwells in God's presence, and takes away our sins.'

Such is the brief story of the old man from his own lips. My first acquaintance with him was during the tour of 1894-5, and at that time he thought that we were only one more sect of the many existing in the world. Two years later, in January, 1897, I again visited his village, and he formed one of my audience. At the close of the preaching he disputed our teaching about sin, and affirmed that he did not commit sin. I remember asking him on that occasion if no wrong thoughts had ever entered his mind, and on acknowledging they had, I told him it disproved his sinlessness. Eleven months later, in the December of the same year, I was again encamped near his village, and saw him the day I preached there. It was on that occasion he promised to attend our services on the following Sabbath. What occurred on that Sabbath I have already told you. 'Your preaching is true,' he said at the close of the service; and when I asked him if he believed what I said about Jesus, he replied—'Without Christ God could not be known.' But when I further asked

him if he would teach this Truth to others, as he was a religious teacher himself, he said—'No; I believe it for myself, but unless others ask me about it I will not teach it.' Yet the Truth had sunk deeper into this old man's heart than I had thought. 'Last year,' he told me afterwards, 'I knew you had the Truth, for when I asked you "What is your belief?" you replied, "There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God, dwelling always in God's presence, and who takes us to God."' I had read to him John xiv., 6, where Jesus says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' This is what the old man had been searching after all these years. 'And I read,' the old man continued, 'a little of the New Testament you gave me last year, and I became certain of its truth; but what I became certain of most is that without a Mediator we cannot go to God, and that is why I want to acknowledge Jesus Christ.'

Another thirteen months have passed since last year's interview, and I am now encamped at the same village, about three miles from Karela, where Sitaram lives. On last Tuesday we preached there, and Sitaram heard us. We were always sure of a good reception in this village, and this morning when I asked the people who had assembled to hear us if they remembered about whom I had preached to them last year, one replied, 'It was about Jesus Christ.'

When the preaching was over I accompanied Sitaram to his house, a two-storied brick building (the other houses in the village are built of mud). The lower part of the house he uses as a sleeping compartment for himself and horse (for he owns a horse to visit surrounding villages). The upper part of the building he uses for receiving visitors and disciples. Here in the upper part I sat talking to him for half-an-hour or more about his becoming a Christian. Afterwards we went to the house of one of his disciples, a well-to-do widow, called Jamnabai, who fed him every day. She is a Kanbi by caste, and has the most absolute faith in Sitaram, and believes what he does is right. We talked to her of Christ, and then I prayed with her. Sitaram accompanied me to camp (which we reached about eleven o'clock), and during the conversation he told me that he was now ready to be baptized, as he was already in the Church. A long talk followed in camp, and he promised to come back again on Thursday. On Thursday morning, after we had returned from preaching in the village of Ora, Sitaram arrived, bringing us a dainty Hindu breakfast. Another talk followed about his duty of joining the Church by baptism, and on his asking the sacrament to be explained, I read and explained to him the account of the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch. Sitaram again said he was ready to be baptized, and on my asking 'When?' he replied, 'Whenever you like.' I suggested next Sabbath at the Christian service in camp, but he said, 'Why here, and not in my village? I do not want it done in secret, but openly, and in my village, that the people may see and know it.' Thus spoke Sitaram, and I could not but admire his courage and bravery, for I knew what it meant perhaps better than he did himself. I gladly fell in with his suggestion, and arranged to have the Sabbath service in his village, at his house, and to baptize him there.

On Saturday we went to see him, and we read and talked with him for a long time. The doctrine of human depravity was emphasized, the consequences of sin, and Christ's substitution. Sitaram acknowledged them all. 'They are true; I believe them; they have entered my mind.' When I grew tired of talking, Moti continued the conversation. A Brahman, a disciple of Sitaram, came in and sat till the close. Sitaram had evidently grown in courage and in grace since last year, for while then he affirmed he wouldn't teach these things unless he was asked about them, now he seemed determined to teach them whether the people asked

about them or not. The Brahman beside him was objecting to this when Sitaram silenced him by saying—'But they are true, and why should we not teach the truth?' Again, when the Trinity was explained, Sitaram immediately turned to his disciple and explained it to him. Not a word about baptism had been spoken yet, and I was wondering how this Brahman would regard it, and how Sitaram would act in his presence. The testing time had come. I asked Moti to read the account of the conversion and baptism of the Philippian jailor, and this opened the subject of Sitaram's baptism. Without any hesitation he said—'I am ready; bring the water now.' I reminded him that we had arranged to baptize him on the morrow (Sabbath) at the Christian service, and he replied—'You say to-morrow, but I say to-day; now.' I was almost persuaded to administer the sacrament there and then, but I thought better to wait another day, and he will be the better tested on account of its being better known in the village. The Brahman simply sat in wonder, saying little, but by his face betraying his astonishment. After prayer they both accompanied me outside the village. Ratan had also been talking to Jamnabai, who told her that she believed whatever Sitaram did was right, and she would do likewise. There is also a carpenter and his wife who seemed to be impressed with the message.

There only remains now to tell you the events of to-day.

Shortly after sunrise on Sabbath morning six of our Christians, with my wife and self, set out for Karela, and arrived there an hour later. Sitaram was looking for us, and conducted us to his house. The upper story had been prepared by him for the service. Some furniture had been cleared away, a carpet spread, and a little table with a tablecloth spread over it had been placed to serve as a desk. The people of the village, who were in a state of great expectation, crowded into the building, which soon filled up; the stairs were also occupied, and a crowd stood below at the entrance. Jamnabai, the carpenter and his wife, and the Brahman disciple were present. With the latter there was another Brahman, who was evidently bent on mischief. He tried once to interrupt me at the bginning, but I stopped him.

We began the service by singing the 23rd Psalm. Then, after prayer, part of the 8th chapter of the Acts was read and explained. Sitaram was sitting near me, and as the reading and exposition of the chapter proceeded, the guru, or teacher, soon showed itself in him, for he began to explain what I said to those present. Another hymn followed, and then a recital of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which Sitaram carefully read with us, and affirmed to be the confession of his faith. During the prayer which followed, Sitaram reverently knelt and bowed his head to the ground. His Brahman disciple never, I suppose, seeing him in that position before, and not caring to see his religious preceptor doing obeisance to any one, came over and tried to raise Sitaram, but the very decided 'Let me go' soon sent him back to his seat. Then followed the sermon on the text—'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.' Several times Sitaram interrupted me, but only to explain to those present some things I had said as to the nature of salvation and the sinless character of Jesus. After the singing of another hymn a short exposition of the sacrament of baptism followed, and we had come now to the critical and most anxious part of the service. I explained to the people that Sitaram had expressed his faith in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men, and believing that the Christian religion is the only true religion, he was desirous of being baptized and received into the Christian Church. Then the public examination of Sitaram as to his faith in Christ was proceeded with.

Questions were put to him on the Unity of God and the Trinity in Unity, and the books of the Old and New Testament being the inspired Word of God. These questions were answered with a firmness and decision that showed the belief of his heart. Then I asked him—'Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, who died for your sins, and rose again from the dead and ascended into Heaven?' Again the decided answer came, 'Yes, it is true; I believe it.' 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ is your Saviour, and that there is none other but him?' 'Yes, I believe it,' was again firmly replied.

Up till now we had not referred in our questioning to any Hindu beliefs, and therefore, I suppose, no objection had been raised by any of the audience. But the next question, which referred to these, raised a storm of opposition in that little building which we were powerless to quell, and of which we could only remain spectators.

'Do you believe that the gods and goddesses worshipped in this country, whether Brahma, or Vishnu, or Shiva or Rom, or any other so-called gods, are all false, and cannot give you salvation?'

The question was like a thunderbolt to the assembled people, but before any could interrupt, Sitaram had again answered in the affirmative.

The pent-up feelings of the Brahman could be restrained no longer, and in the midst of the service a scene of confusion occurred which I cannot regard with feelings of regret, rather do I thank God for the noble and courageous testimony borne by Sitaram under trial, and for the strength given him to stand firm in the faith of his new Master. The Brahman launched forth his arguments against Sitaram, and appealed to him not to forsake his old faith. Sitaram left where he was standing before me, and bold as a lion went up to the Brahman to defend the faith he had espoused. Hotter and hotter grew the dispute, which we had no part in, and the end of which we could only wait in silence to see.

It was a time of suppressed excitement to us all. We could only pray for Sitaram, and, lifting up our hearts to God, we asked that his faith fail not. The Brahman grew less fierce, and finally was reduced to silence. Sitaram had triumphed, had silenced his enemy, and witnessed a good confession for the Lord Jesus. He returned to his place before me, and we proceeded with the service. There was one question remaining, 'Will you act according to Christ's Word and commands?' Sitaram again answered, 'Yes.'

Owing to the discussion that had taken place, I repeated a former question, 'Do you now believe in Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and that apart from him there is no salvation to be found?' A very decided 'Yes' was Sitaram's reply.

I then baptized him. During the prayer that followed the Braham and Sitaram's disciple and others left the building. The doxology and the benediction closed the most exciting baptismal service I ever witnessed.

In the evening he came to see me in camp, full of joy. I asked him about Jamnabai, and he said she, too, is happy, and had asked him why we did not call her to be baptized too. I had thought it better to wait in her case until she was more instructed.

I also asked Sitaram what had occurred in the village when he went back after accompanying us part of the way. He told me that the Brahman had said to him, 'Sitaram, for all these years many people have regarded you as a guru, or teacher, and acknowledged what you taught as right and true. Have you been imperfect up till to-day?' 'Yes,' answered Sitaram, 'I was totally empty. I worshipped God, but my faith was small. Now it is perfect, for I worship God through Christ.' 'What was the meaning of you getting the water put on your head?' further asked the Brahman. 'It meant that I have become a disciple of Christ, have obtained salvation, and have been admitted to the Christian Church and become identified with Christian people.'

Before he left us we had prayer together, in which Sitaram joined.

May I ask those who read this to pray for Sitaram, and Jamnabai, and Ganjabai and her husband, and many others in this and other villages; especially that Sitaram may be used to bring many of his disciples to the Lord Jesus.

'I Am My Beloved's.'

(By S. John Duncan-Clark.)

Song of Solomon, 7; 10.

O I am my Beloved's!
What sweeter thought can be
Than that His heart's desire
Is centred all on me.
Amid the world's perplexings
This confidence brings rest;—
It is His love that guides me,
And where He leads is best.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!
And when the way seems long,
The knowledge that He owns me
Fills all my soul with song.
The zenith sun at mid-day
May shine with tropic heat,
But I beneath His shadow
Will find a safe retreat.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!
And when each weary day
Fades westward o'er the mountains
I hear His sweet voice say,
'Oh, come, my love, and rest thee
Within my resting place;
My left hand shall support thee,
My right shall thee embrace.'

Oh, I am my Beloved's!
And when my soul is faint
And hungry for His bounty,
He ever hears my plaint;
He comes and gently leads me
Where stands the palace wall,
And 'neath Love's banner feeds me
Within His banquet hall.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!
And when this world of sin
Beats with a throb of heart-ache
And bitterness within,
He draws me to His bosom,
And with His tender kiss,
Heals all the ache, and changes
The bitterness to bliss.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!
Soon shall the shadows flee,
And with the night's departure
The dawn shall break for me;
Then stayed on my Beloved,
From earth's dread wilderness
I enter on the glory
That in Him I possess.

—'Endeavor Herald.'

Teach Us to Pray.

Grant us not the ill
We blindly ask; in very love refuse
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness would abuse.
Or rather help us, Lord, to choose the good,
To pray to naught, to seek to none, but Thee;
Nor by 'our daily bread' mean common food,
Nor say, 'From this world's evil set us free.'
Teach us to live with Christ, our sole true bliss,
Else, though in Christ's own words, we pray amiss.

—John Keble.

BOYS AND GIRLS

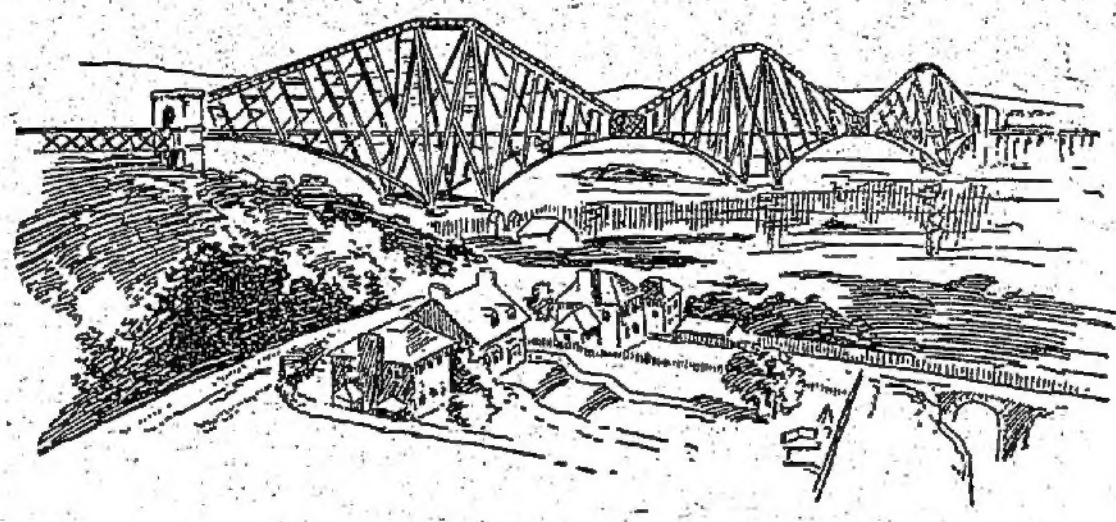
Three Wonderful Bridges.

A RAILWAY RIDE FROM EDINBURGH TO BALMORAL.

(M. E. Leicester Addis in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.')

Nowhere else in the world is there for the tourist, especially for men who are interested in railway construction or in applied mechanics, such a wonderful railway ride as from Edinburgh to Aberdeen by the east coast route.

We hardly ever lose sight of the German Ocean, and, whether in smiling peace or



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

stormy mood, its glittering green waters are beautiful. Its wild, rocky coast and numerous lighthouses could tell many a sad tale of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Unlike those of the Atlantic on the west coast, its waves rise and fall in perfect rhythmic beat, and their white foam breaks and falls in showers of spray over the jagged, cruel rocks.

As our tourist tickets enabled us to stop where we pleased en route, we decided to leave Edinburgh by a local train early one clear morning in September last. By this we could enjoy the view of the Forth Valley, and at Kirkcaldy, on the Fife side, we joined the express train.

The sun shone brightly over the rich cornfields of the famed Lothian farms, and soon we reached Dalmeny Park station. Nestling amid the trees, and commanding a magnificent view both of sea and land, lay Dalmeny, the magnificent residence of Lord Rosebery, one of the most popular and best known of British peers.

As we passed slowly across the wonderful Forth Bridge, 354 feet above the waves, its enormous massiveness impressed us strongly. Truly its foundations are in the mighty deep; and, when stormy, the force of the waves breaking on its piers may well make the stoutest heart quail, remembering the awful fate of the first Tay Bridge. But on this morning all was peace, and as we hurried from side to side of our carriage, our eyes were feasted with the variety of the view.

Looking up toward Stirling, with the Grampian Mountains towering like a mighty rampart behind, the ever-narrowing shores of the Firth were dotted with ancient castles and stately halls, in richly wooded parks, the scene of many a doughty deed in bygone days.

The spires and tall chimneys of Edinburgh and Leith lay on our right; whilst seaward we spied against the horizon the famed Bass Rock, home of the solan goose, and the sugar loaf peak of North Berwick.

Soon we were speeding round the rocky shores of Fife, so close to the water that we could easily throw orange and banana peel into it.

At Kinghorn we passed under the rock giving name to the place, and most memorable in Scottish annals. Here Alexander III., one of the strongest, bravest and best of the early kings, met his death in 1286.

Like us he had left Edinburgh, but crossed the Firth by open boat. Darkness set in and his attendants begged of him not to press on, as the rough road wound dangerously along these precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea. But a king's will was law then. His horse slipped and fell with his rider over the cliff, and the sorrowing followers found their king's body dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The oldest fragment of Scottish song which has come down to us is a simple and touching lamentation over his death.

This one false step of a horse on the rocky shore of Fife changed the course of a nation's history, and the story of Scotland's struggle for independence against a grasping English king was the result. But like stars out of the gloom rose the heroes Wallace and Bruce.

Six hundred years later the triumph of man's power over steam on sea and land had rapidly borne us to view this monument on the cliffs to a weary and way-worn traveller. Not even his kingly power and will could command our benefits.

We passed from one fishing village to another until Kirkcaldy, 'the lang toun,' was reached. A most appropriate name for this centre of linoleum and floor-cloth manufacture, for it is all length and no breadth.

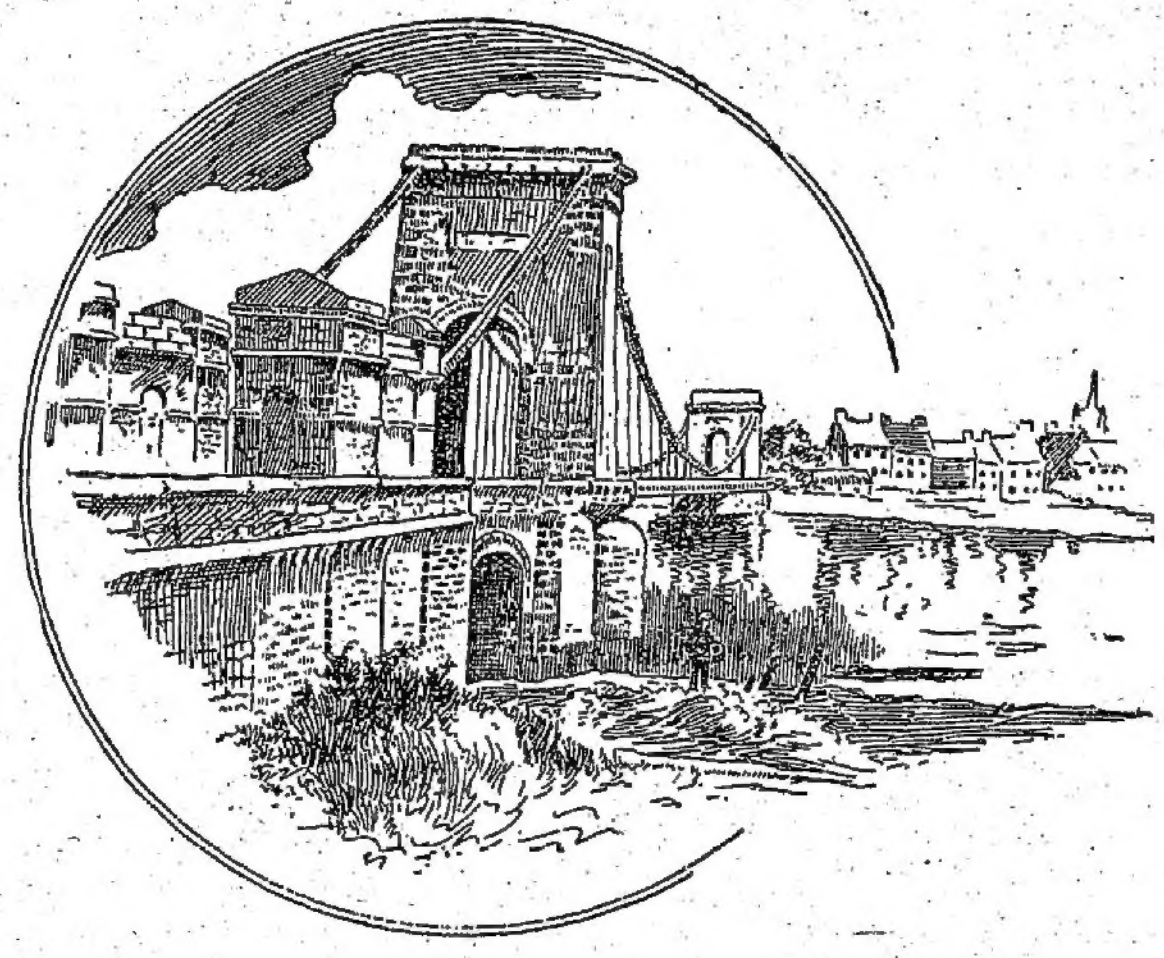
From this point we turned inland through the heart of fertile Fife, called the 'Kingdom' in early days, whilst the poet-king, James I., used to speak of Scotland as 'a gray garment with a golden fringe'—the fringe being Fife.

On we sped, and soon we saw the sea again; and the far-famed golf-links of fair St. Andrews—the Oxford of Scotland—with her University, her Towers and ruined cathedral and castle. Soon the estuary of the 'lordly' Tay came in view, and as we crossed it and looked down upon the line of broken piers, relics of the former bridge, we recalled the terrific wind-storm on the last Sunday of the year 1879, when the train from Edinburgh went down in the middle of the bridge and left no one to tell the tale.

Whether the train pulled the bridge down, or whether its central girders were rocking, ere the train came, remains a mystery. Theories there were in plenty, but none is left to prove them. The death list was comparatively low, only seventy-two in all; but most pathetic was the story of the sad fate of several of the victims. Sailors from foreign lands hurrying home to keep the New Year with their parents and families, and, saddest of all, a prodigal son.

This young man, after running away from home, became very successful in one of our Western States, and, as a happy surprise for his widowed mother in Dundee, resolved to visit her and share his fortune. Having lost the morning train, he told his story to the hotel-keeper where he waited, else the poor mother would never have heard of her boy's good-will.

The scenery on either shore of the Firth of Tay is magnificent, and we were tempted to stay to see a sunset, compared by many an artist to the finest sunsets of Italy and Greece. The moist haze that hangs so often over the hills and valleys of Scotland lends itself as a superb medium to the lights and shades of sunset. Purples, blues, reds and golds, of every tint and hue, were the colors of this veil between us and the sun. In the



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, MONTROSE.

long, clear twilight we sped on, still by the sea.

Past Broughty Ferry, where the broken carriages of the wreck were beached during our schooldays, whilst we eagerly watched the débris left by every wave in hope of finding something belonging to the dead. Hats, muffs, cloaks, handkerchief—hundreds of articles were recovered from the sea and treasured by the bereaved.

Past more and more and more sandy links, alive with golfers, until far out to sea the clear revolving light on the Bell Rock (built by Robert Louis Stevenson's father) shone out, a welcome sight to mariners. How different was it in those days of Ralph the Rover, so finely sung by the poet Southey.

At Arbroath we passed the night, and saw the sun rise over the sea, and breakfasted upon the famed anchoritic haddocks. We went afterward to see some of those wonderful fisher-folk, and recalled that here Sir Walter Scott located several of the scenes of his 'Antiquary' and 'Waverley.' What a magnificent pile of stately ruins is Arbroath Abbey! One must needs wish that the zeal of the Scotch reformers might have spared the abbey of that

'Pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Who placed the bell on the Inchcape rock—'

an abbey dedicated to the famed Thomas à Becket.

Round that terrible wild coast we hurry past many a ruined castle, and then our third great bridge is crossed at the Montrose Basin. Here we see a fine suspension bridge, but small and insignificant in comparison with our Brooklyn Bridge, and not available for railway traffic.

Turning inland we lose sight of the sea for over twenty miles, but the blue heather of the Grampians is plainly visible and the farmers' fields look like gardens in their perfect tillage. Behind us we can descry the hills above Thrums, whilst plainly to be seen is the Grand Old Man's Scotch home— a stately mansion embowered in trees in the face of the hillside.

We had now joined the west coast route from London to Aberdeen, and at Stonehaven the ever-changing sea is again close by us.

It was at Stonehaven that Sir Walter met the old graveyard antiquary whose character is embodied in 'Old Mortality;' and his tales of the Covenanters relate to Dunnottar Castle, standing out in solitary and stately grandeur on a huge rock, surrounded at high tide. From this point to Aberdeen the rocks are truly terrible, and have earned for the coast the name of 'iron bound.' At one point we seemed to be directly over a boiling, surging sea, churned into foam between these chasms of rock. The fisher-huts are perched upon the ledges, and are an interesting sight.

Still another fine bridge, but this time over the River Dee, and we entered the Granite City. Shining and glittering, fair and clean, and beautiful always as if newly washed. The mica-schist in the granite gives it a glittering appearance, very effective in sunlight, but very dazzling for unaccustomed eyes, whilst its granite blocks under foot seem harder than granite anywhere else.

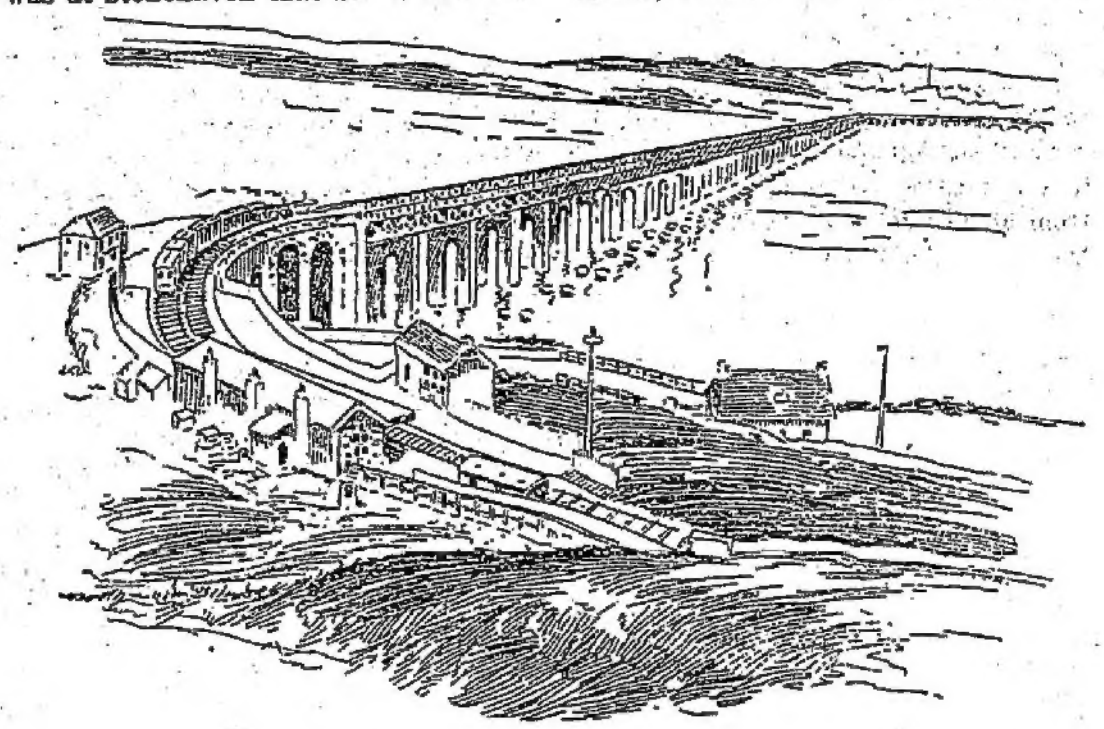
With all their 'cannieness,' the lieges of 'Bon Accord' (their city motto) are enterprising enough, witness the many fine buildings and the Dee Embankment. The River Dee used to twine and twist on its way to the sea, and as in autumn it generally comes down in 'spate,' flooding and destroying much property, the city fathers set about the almost Herculean task of straightening the river by making a new channel. In this they were most successful, and the land gained has added greatly to the commercial prosperity of the town.

Being September, the streets and hotels were filled with tourists and sportsmen, for Aberdeen is a great starting-point for the moors and shooting-lodges. Here we saw few 'furbelows'—thick stockings, rough tweeds, tartans and tailor-made costumes prevailed on men and women, whilst in every hat was a spring of heather, a ptarmigan claw or black cock feather. Every one seemed to express in his person 'To the hills!—to the hills, away!'

The shops were beautiful, and so many bore above their doors the Royal Arms, with the much coveted sign Grocer or Draper 'to the Queen.'

Before leaving the city for a peep at Her Majesty's Highland home at Balmoral, we were fortunate in seeing the famed 'Timmer Market,' one of the last of the fairs of the Middle Ages. The booths are erected in the castle gate, round the old Market Cross and close to the public buildings, and every good city father feels it his duty to pay a visit to the 'Timmer Market,' as he did in his boyhood. Here everything useful and ornamental, possible or impossible, in art is made of wood—hence the name of 'timmer' for 'timber'—and good housewives lay by a stock of useful articles needed for the year, whilst children are treated to dolls, Noah's Arks and toys of every description. Long may the Timmer Market survive; we have only too few of those old customs of our forefathers' days.

VICTORIA BRIDGE, ABERDEEN.



THE TAY VIADUCT.

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY, ABERDEEN.

How an Earthquake Looks and Feels.

('Lippincott's Magazine.')

Shortly before midnight on the 30th of March, 1898, a citizen of the town of Sonoma, about forty miles north of San Francisco, stepped out of a public house on the village plaza and paused a moment on the threshold to enjoy a perfect moonlight night before wending his way home. Not a breath of air stirred the foliage of the tall Lombardy poplars that flanked the lofty spire of the Methodist church directly across the street, and nature seemed buried in profound slumber.

As he stood there, looking about, the spire of the church began to dance and rock in a most extraordinary way right before his amazed eyes, and the Lombardy poplars lashed the air as if swept by a cyclone. At the same time the citizen found himself dancing an involuntary jig on the sidewalk, while everything else in the village was apparently dancing, too, in the craziest way. Vague crashings of crockery and the shivering of glass windows startled his ears, and from the bowels of the earth issued a deep rumbling, like subterranean thunder. He turned pale as he realized that he was in the midst of the liveliest kind of a California earthquake.

At the same time, five miles south, a young lady, lying in bed gazing pensively out of her open window, saw a row of lofty gum-trees nod their elevated heads at each other, then exchange in a stately minuet. Her scream was heard half a mile away.

At the same time, too, a farmer two miles to the south-west, being awakened by some mysterious agitation, opened his eyes, and to his consternation found himself looking from his bed out into the open moonlit country. The whole side of his house had fallen out.

At the same time, again, I myself, shaken like jelly, awoke to find my wife sitting up in bed, and the room full of children and domestics, huddled together like sheep, white as chalk, and wringing their hands in terror. They had rushed to the chamber of the head of the family—as if he could do anything.

That was a great shake—the temblor of the 30th of March, 1898. As I lay in bed my newspaper instinct led me to note the duration of the shock by the night clock on the bureau. It was just three minutes. It seemed thirty. The shock itself did not continue so long, but three minutes elapsed ere the oscillations caused by the shock ceased. When it is considered that the average earthquake lasts only ten seconds, the severity of this shock may be realized. During these three minutes the house shook and rattled as if the roof might come crashing down upon us at any moment. In the morning, when we made a tour of inspection through the dwelling, we found that everything on brackets and shelves on the east and west walls had been thrown to the floor, while most of the articles on the north and south walls were undisturbed. Vases and bric-a-brac by which my wife set great store were smashed. The earthquake had kindly cleaned out the parlor chimney for us, though it had unkindly shaken down a pile of soot on a fawn-colored rug before the fireplace, and sent broken bricks down out of the flue clear across the floor and under the piano at the other end of the room. As for the mural ornaments of that unhappy parlor, they were a wreck on the floor.

On the morning train to San Francisco I saw abundant evidences of the dread visitation on every side. The roofs of farm-houses were littered with broken bricks from shattered chimneys, windmills and their tanks were down on the ground, and windows without number were shivered. The houses themselves, however, with one or two exceptions, were standing, though some were badly wrenched. The train proceeded slowly, for the track was none too sound, and culverts were crossed with caution. Bridges were approached at a snail's pace, and ventured upon very gingerly. We had a gang of section-men on board in case of necessity, and they were needed, for upon arriving at Sonamo Creek, a salt-water stream eight miles south of the town, the drawbridge, which had been left open all night, was found deranged, and it took the men some time to close it. A few miles farther on we were brought to a final stop at Petaluma Creek, a broad estuary of San Pablo Bay, where the temblor had cut a pretty caper. A heavy steel drawbridge weighing one hundred and eighty tons had been lifted bodily one foot up and three feet aside and dropped down upon the concrete piers, a wreck, with the wheels on which it turned bent out of shape and useless. It took a force of bridge-men ten days to repair that bridge and re-establish railway traffic. Here was the centre of the seismic disturbance. Had that centre been in San Francisco, only twenty miles farther south, one of the most appalling catastrophes of history would have been recorded; for an earthquake that tosses a one-hundred-and-eighty-ton drawbridge about like a feather would have shaken down a good deal of the city and played havoc with its lofty buildings. But the shock was comparatively light in San Francisco, though sufficiently heavy to give its denizens a good fright and smash considerable crockery.

This particular earthquake, while not the severest on record, was sufficiently violent to attract wide notice by the press of San Francisco and adjacent towns. Its area was remarkably limited. The centre of disturbance extended from the east to the west along the north shore of San Pablo Bay, which is a continuation of the Bay of San Francisco, and was only about fifteen miles long by three or four wide. It was in this slender zone that the damage was done, though the wings of the shock extended a radius of fifty miles round-about. The greatest damage was at the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, on the east shore of San Pablo Bay. Here a number of buildings were either shaken down or badly cracked, and the loss to government property at the time was estimated at from five hundred thousand to two million dollars; the inside estimate is probably nearer the mark. The cruiser 'Charleston' was on the dry-dock at the time, and it was supposed that she had escaped without injury; but when the Spanish war broke out and she was ordered to Manila to reinforce Dewey and incidentally to capture the Ladrone Islands on the way, it was found that she had been slightly damaged, and the expedition was delayed several days in consequence.

Directly in the seismic zone was the Tubbs ranch, on what is known as Tubb's Island. This is a reclaimed salt marsh, and the land is accordingly soft and none too solid: the passage of a railway train makes it tremble. At the time of the shock, the foreman of the ranch, J. H. Garrett, was asleep with his wife in the second story of his house. His awakening was rude. First the head-board of the bed fell in upon him; then the foot-board followed suit; the middle suddenly developed a pair of hinges, and the article shut up on the astonished couple like a folding-bed. To cap the climax, the bureau stalked away from the wall and fell upon the heap. Garrett and his wife crawled out of the wreck, rushed downstairs, and tried to escape by the front door, but it was wedged tight and could not be forced open. They finally made their exit through a gaping hole in the side of the house, and when they emerged into the moonlight a startling spectacle met their eyes. Every windmill was down; a small spraying tank, which had been left before the door, had been moved fifty feet away, as if drawn by a rope. The waters of Sonoma Creek had been dashed over the banks one hundred feet on either side, and a tank full of water had been emptied of its contents without apparently having been moved an inch The ground on this ranch, and indeed throughout the whole zone of the shock, trembled more or less, for several weeks afterwards, and there were occasional shocks for two months, though they were light.

All sorts of pranks were played with wells and springs by this temblor. The artesian wells round about Sonoma were set flowing copiously, and the increased flow continues to this day. Some surface wells were dried up. A previous earthquake, five years ago, moved a spring from my neighbor's ranch across the line upon my own, and here it stayed until this last temblor picked it up, so to say, and carried it half-way up an adjacent hill, where it very soon dried up, despite my strenuous efforts to keep it alive.

A curious feature of all earthquakes is the sinister aspect of the landscape after the shock. A cyclone tears through the country, leaving a trail of wreckage behind it. Here a house is unroofed, and there a tree is uprooted; fences are down, and the scene is one of disorder. But the tornado has freshened the atmosphere; the sun shines brightly, a zephyr is perchance wafted across the cheek, and the spectacle contains nothing terrifying beyond the remembrance of the whirlwind itself. But the visitation of an earthquake produces quite a different sensation. The landscape is twisted out of shape and looks drunk. The roofs of buildings are littered with bricks and mortar from dismantled chimneys, and the buildings themselves are awry. This house has been wrenched about so that it looks as if some monstrous giant of a fairy-tale had given it a vicious twist; the corner of yonder farmhouse has been jammed down so that the hitherto smiling home has the aspect of a vulgar bully with his hat down over his eye. Nature has a peculiar, surly air, like that of a spider lurking in his web in a dark cellar, and seems to be meditating more mischief in the same direction. This appearance is heightened by the heaviness of the atmosphere, which hangs down over the earth like a pall and depresses the spirits. An occasional trembling of the ground sends the heart up into the throat in apprehension of another shock, for the earthquake, unlike the cyclone, gives no warning of its approach. The barometer does not herald it, and the Weather Bureau knows nothing whatever about it until it is all over. This is why earthquakes are so feared. They come like a thief in the night, when least expected.

Animals, however, scent the danger a few moments in advance. Some mysterious sense apprises them of the approaching shock, and birds and beasts alike are terrified. Horses snort, throw up their heads, and glare about in affright; cattle put their snouts to the ground and moan; sheep huddle together and bleat; birds flock to the trees and set up a prodigious twittering. A lady told me that half an hour before the shock in question (or shortly after eleven o'clock at night) she was astonished at hearing the sparrows, linnets, and other birds in the grove surrounding her house break out into general commotion. This, in the middle of the night, was unaccountable until the subsequent shock, after which the alarmed birds

quleted down and presumably went to sleep again. It is a pity that man has not some such premonitory sense, but he is helpless.

The sensation of an earthquake at sea is startling. The ship is shocked from stem to stern, and the first impression is that she has struck on a rock. On a railway train in motion, the sensation is that the wheels have run over a fair-sized stone, for it is a severe jolt. In the lofty modern office building the affrighted tenant fancies the edifice is swaying back to and fro over the periphery of about half a block, when in reality the oscillation is confined to a few inches, except in severe cases. The effect producd on the human system is never twice the same. The man who smiles at the shock to-day becomes terrified on some other occasion. He never knows beforehand how he is going to take it. Women are always more alarmed than men, and many of them have a feeling of sea-sickness. I never yet saw a women otherwise than frightened out of her wits during an earthquake, whereas in a disaster at sea some of them are not infrequently cooler than the sterner sex. But there is something about an earthquake especially demoralizing to women.

I was once crossing San Francisco Bay on a ferry-boat when my attention was attracted to a curicus cloud which suddenly appeared overhead. It was round and solitary, and resembled a puff of smoke from a cannon just before it finally dissolves into space. While I sat wondering at it, for otherwise the sky was clear, a succession of smooth waves rolled out from shore and passed the boat. Here was another phenomenon. Waves normally roll into and not out from the land. When I got ashore two minutes later I found everybody agog over a temblor that had just shocked the town. I involuntarily looked for the cloud, but it had vanished. That cloud was caused by the earthquake, for never before nor since have I seen one like it. But I have never found anybody to explain to me how the earthquake could have produced it.

An aged friend of mine had a farm a few miles from San Francisco, in Alameda County. It was heavily mortgaged, and being a devout man he used to lie awake nights, fretting and worrying and praying to the Master, as he said, to show him how to get rid of the mortgage, which was eating him up financially and slowly killing him physically. One night an earthquake came along, and when he went out-of-doors in the morning he found his best field turned into a species of bog and unfit for further cultivation for hay or grain. This was the last straw: he seemed to be under the especial displeasure of Providence, and almost gave up the struggle then and there. But somebody told him that the field was now wet enough to raise fine berries, so as a desperate resort he borrowed a few dollars and planted it to blackberries, gooseberries, currants, and rhubarb, and started in as a truck farmer. In a few years (so he told me) he sold over twenty thousand dollars' worth of gooseberries alone off that spoiled field, while to this day his rhubarb is famous in the San Francisco market. In less than ten years he was a rich man and a well-known landowner. Needless to say that he became (or remained) a firm believer in the power of prayer.

But it must not be inferred that the California earthquakes are dangerous. On the contrary, there is seldom any loss of life in these shocks. Thirty years ago several men were killed in San Francisco by falling bricks, etc., but since then there have been no fatalities. There are hundreds killed in other parts of the United States by cyclones where one Californian loses his life by an earthquake. In fact, I believe the total number since the discovery of gold in 1847 is less than five.—Frederick H. Dewey.

What Two Girls Did.

(By Hattie Louise Jerome.)

Lora Linnell and Katherine Pevey lived in two of the pleasantest houses in town, but down in the valley a few miles below the town was a small mill village where people lived in shabby little houses close clustered together or in great prison-like tenements, weather-beaten and forlorn.

'What a pity that those little children have nothing but hard, bare, grassless door-yards and dusty streets to play in,' said Lora as the two friends drove one day through this quarter on their way to the pleasant woods beyond. 'No wonder they are rude and coarse. I think I should be in such surroundings. Wouldn't it be fine if some one could help the people to bring a little more refinement and beauty into their own door-yards where the little children play?'

'They really could help themselves if they would only set about it,' replied Katherine, 'but I suppose they don't know how, and there is no one to show them.'

'They might have little gardens and they could plant vines to grow over the ugly, broken fences. I asked papa why no grass grew in their yards, and he said it was not from lack of richness of soil and sunshine, but merely of care and forethought. Of course they are not nearly as miserable as the city poor; for they can easily get out into the fields and woods as we are doing, if they care to, but it is really seldom we meet them outside of their own domain. I wish some one could interest them in the woods and fields and show them how much beauty and pleasure is right at hand.'

'And I suppose, according to the usual workings of your logical mind, my dear,' laughed Katherine, 'that your next idea will be that we two people who see and feel their need are the very somebodies who should do this!'

'Well, why not?' asked Lora, as she nodded brightly to little Annie, the small daughter of the woman who did their extra scrubbing. 'Of course we have our hands full now of school and church work, but no doubt some one else could take our place on some of the committees which we are supposed to grace, and leave us the time for this special work.'

And this was the beginning of a long discussion which ended in the decision to take up their work at once. Both girls were enthusiastic, and before many days had planned that the first step should be a picnic in the beautiful grove a mile from the mill.

'We can have little Annie come up to the house first, and inspire her with the idea and the spirit of the thing, and then let her give the invitations for us,' said Lora. 'She is a bright child and will be a great help to us.'

'And wouldn't it be better to ask each child to bring a lunch? That would make it seem more like their own party. We can furnish whatever extras seem best.'

To interest the children in the beauties and wonders of nature was the direct object of this picnic, and to awake in them a love for the wild vines and flowers, which might so easily be cultivated near their own dwellings.

Not much was needed to interest little Annie Smith and make her eyes shine with delight at the thought of giving a party under Miss Lora's direction, and before night had fallen, on the day in which she had been summoned to Mr. Linnell's house, every child in the neighborhood was wild with the delight of joyful anticipaton.

'Make yourself one of them, my daughter, if you would give to poor people the aid they most need,' said Mr. Linnell wisely as Lora started out in the large, roomy waggonette with faithful Tom for a driver. 'It is not gifts they need but to be taught how to spend their time and money most profitably, and to be helped over times of discouragement.'

When the waggonette arrived at Anne's house, all the sick or lame children and those too small to walk were carefully seated in it, while Katherine and Lora prepared to walk with the twenty other boys and girls who had gathered together in response to Annie's eager invitation.

Very few girls would have had sufficient influence over the crowd of children to prevent the whole affair from resulting in serious disaster, but both girls were born leaders, and futhermore were quite accustomed to managing large classes of children.

Before starting Lora talked with them pleasantly, but with quiet dignity in a way that made each child feel responsible for the pleasure of all the others; and not only that, but in some subtle way she made each feel he was expected as a matter of course to be helpful and kind.

'I'll take hold o' Mary's hand,' said one. 'She's big enough to walk, but like enough she'd go astray alone.'

'Here, give me all your lunch-baskets, an' I'll carry the whole of 'em in my cart,' volunteered one of the boys who had begged permission to take with him his hand-cart made of a soap-box set on the two front wheels of a ruined baby-carriage.

'Sure, 'm glad ye don't mind taking the go-cart alang,' laughed his mother leaning out of her upper window to watch the procession move off. 'If that was left at home Jimmy would be after staying with it. He's that fond of the old thing that he won't sleep unless the cart is behind him in the room.'

Once by the brook-side, the children were easily kept together by their interest in the wonderful tales the two girls had to tell them of the plants and the small, familiar creatures of the woods.

'Say, she says baby ants must have nurses ter take 'em out inter the sunshine every day. And when a shower comes up, or there's any danger, the nurses run and grab their babies up again, and tote 'em back into their house!' cried one of the boys in eager interest.

And when the girls produced a pair of opera glasses and allowed each of the children to watch the action of the interesting ants for themselves, their delight was unbounded.

After the band was disposed of, Lora asked several of the larger boys to dig some ferns and vines for her garden, and showed them how to select those which would be most easily cultivated. The children were taught to distinguish the three lobed leaf of the poison ivy from the five-lobed leaf of the luxuriant and harmless woodbine; and as Katherine wanted a root of that, one of the little girls caught the idea of having some herself.

'Do you s'pose I could make it grow over our door?' she asked.

'Certainly—if you dig a root carefully. Here is my spade; perhaps if you ask him, Timmy will dig down deep and get you a good root,' replied Lora; 'and perhaps Anna would like one, and Mary, and Johnnie, too!'

All were eager to have a vine like Miss

Katherine's, and many took ferns and mosses, so that Jimmy's cart was well filled when the time came for going home.

Far more was set in motion by the picnic than they dared hope. Not only did many of the vines and ferns receive such careful attention that they lived and flourished, but the fathers and mothers began to exert themselves to assist the children in carrying out the suggestions Lora and Katherine had made.

Before many weeks the two young ladies were able to organize among the children a 'Helping Hand Society,' to train the children to aid those poorer than themselves in practical ways. Certainly they were themselves uplifted by being thus brought on a plane with the helpers, rather than being merely those helped.

Each Saturday afternoon they met in the home of one of the children or under the pleasant shade of some great tree, and reported what they had done, and were counselled and encouraged for new endeavors. Every house which was thus honored by a meeting of the society did its best to look its neatest and cheeriest. Each week some practical lesson was learned, in cooking, sewing, or house-keeping, and soon the mothers began to congregate in some other room to listen to the instruction given.

Now the society has grown so large it has been considered wise to have the boys and girls meet separately that each may be instructed in the most profitable manner.

'Katherine,' said Lora one day as they again drove through the part of the town on their way to the woods far beyond, 'just close your eyes for a moment, dear, and imagine this place as it was two years ago.'

'I don't wish to,' laughed Katherine merrily,' I prefer looking at those neat little homes, every inch of which shows the owners' pride in keeping them bright and attractive!'

'It has all been accomplished through these people's own good-will and kind-heartedness in helping each other. There is good natured helpfulness in the very air now.'—'American Messenger.'

The Work at Hand.

(By Willametta A. Preston, in 'The Congregationalist.')

'What are you doing?' asked Uncle Hal as Marion finished her account of the evening's meeting.

'Doing? Why, Uncle Hal, it's the Christian Endeavor Society. We have the banner this quarter, for we had the largest attendance at the meeting at Chester. I think we have a larger society than any in the county and Waverly is only a country village up among the hills.'

'Yes, I know it is the Endeavor Society, but what are you endeavoring to do?'

'Why, we have our meetings every week, and one of us leads. It will be my turn next time. May Hollis led to-night. Her remarks upon the Parable of the Sower were fine.'

'Yes, I know all that, but what are you doing?' persisted Uncle Hal. 'What real work?'

'Oh, we have the lookout committee for new members, the prayer meeting, the social, missionary—I don't know how many there are.'

'Yes, but what real, actual work are you doing for the Master?' asked Uncle Hal again. 'I am not teasing you, Marion; I only want you to realize your opportunities and responsibilities. I know, of, course, of the work and aims of your beloved society. It is a grand one. I know your first endeavor is to grow more Christlike. There is one phase of Christ's life I do not want you to overlook. He went about doing good. What first attracted the multitude to him was not only his holy life, his fastings and prayers, nor even his wonderful teachings. It was his miracles. They came to be fed or healed and remained to be taught. That is the way you will win for Christ here in Waverly. Let men see your good works.

'This is the criticism I have to make upon your society. You are not working. A man said to me not long ago: 'Why, with their numbers and enthusiasm, they might accomplish wonders if they would only go to work. But what are they doing?' and I could not tell him, Marion. But I felt that, aside from individual effort, the Christian Endeavor Society ought to have some work that would make one corner of the world happier and better.'

'But what can we do, Uncle Hal?' asked Marion, earnestly. 'We would go to work gladly enough if we could find anything to do. There are always the missions, of course.'

'Yes, but I did not mean that. Of course there are not the poor people in Waverly that one finds in a large city, but are there not some you could help? One member of your society is working in exactly the direction I mean—Lottie Adams, in her school up under the mountains.'

'O, did you mean that kind of work?'

A gentleman called for Uncle Hal, and Marion was left to think over his rebuke. She had been so proud of their large membership, their prompt and regular contributions to all demands. She knew each member was trying to keep the pledge and grow more like the dear Master, and yet the world considered them failures! What if Uncle Hal was right and they had been neglecting work that lay all about them. What could they do? And as she asked the question her eyes seemed to be opened, and she could see work enough and to spare. Why had she not seen it before?

A meeting of the lookout committee was held the next day after school, and Marion told the girls of her uncle's criticism. They listened with a feeling of indignation at first. They had thought they were doing so much, and to find it questioned whether they were working at all!

'What can we do?' asked Frances Dodge.

'I can see so many things,' replied Marion. 'Let's each take a bit of paper and write down all we can think of. We shall need the whole society to help us. We will go to work now, if never before.'

'What can we do first? How shall we begin?' asked Hester Brown.

'We are the lookout committee,' said Marion, as one who was sure of her ground. 'Let's look out to some purpose this week. Let's each take a certain part of town and look out the chances for work, then do you, Helen, have a report prepared for the meeting. But we won't talk of it until we are ready.'

It was Marion's turn to lead the meeting the next Sunday night, and it happened (do things ever happen in this world?) that the topic for the evening was Work—'Go work to-day in my vine-yard.' Marion had no carefully prepared notes, as usual. Instead, she laid down the bible from which she had been reading and told the young people of Uncle Hal's criticism. She then proposed that they organize for work.

'What can we do?' asked Anson Hale.

The old question, but this time the answer was forthcoming. Helen presented the report of the lookout committee. There was the settlement of French-Canadians up under the mountain, where Lottie Adams had opened the way for others to follow. There was the poorhouse, with a score of forlorn old people who sorely needed a little brightness in their lonely lives. There was a district school without a teacher, for the children were running wild and no one could remain more than a few days without being locked out. There were the granite cutters—a band by themselves. They did not go to church; they had no reading matter, no diversions. Then the ever-present poor family of the town. They would make at least one more effort to raise it to respectability. The list was a long one.

The young people looked at one and another in dismay. Could it be they had ever thought there was nothing to do with all this work at hand? Quickly committees for the various objects were appointed. Not one member declined to serve. The next few weeks found work in plenty. A reading circle, a sewing class were started in the French settlement and became very popular.

Marion had charge of the work at the poor farm, and each week a bevy of girls in gay dresses with bright faces and winning smiles spent the afternoon there with their fancywork, listening to the tales of the old ladies, all of whom had seen better days, or chatting with them about the news of the town. When the supper hour came the girls spread the table with dainties, and in the evening played and sang for them. Twice during the season, the Fourth of July and the day of the church supper, carriages were sent to bring them to the village and they had a rare treat.

Then came the country week, when twenty little waifs from the city were taken into Waverly homes and made welcome and happy and clothed for summer and winter.

A reading-room was opened for the granite workers. The rebellious children were lured into a natural history society, and under Anson Hale's leadership grew accustomed to restraint while thinking they were following their own inclinations. There would be no more trouble for teachers in that school.

Every day some new work presented itself. It might be a simple thing that called for individual effort, it might require an entire committee, but it was always done. There was no question now of work; there was plenty for all. Even the old committees found their task doubled. The prayer-meeting committee found that its work included the church meetings as well as those of the Y.P.S.C.E., and the midweek prayer meetings were no longer dull. The music committee found its field extended. The membership was nearly doubled, despite the fact that the lookout committee was too busy looking out for work to think of members.

'I tell you what, there is more in religion than I thought there was,' said Josiah Howe to Uncle Hal one day. 'I thought it was all bosh—meetings, meetings all the time, with nothing to show for it; but I'll own up I'm mistaken this time. These young folks are in earnest. They mean business and they're doing great things for Waverly. I must take a hand at it myself.'

'That pays for everything, if things didn't pay so royally as we go along,' said Marion, as her uncle told her of it.

They had another reward the next Sunday evening at their annual meeting, when their pastor thanked the young people for the help they had been to him.

'You won the banner last quarter,' he said, 'but you have done even better this, for you have won souls for Christ, you have proved that you are in earnest and that love for Christ is a helpful love for his children.'

What Four Cents Will Do in Fetter Lane.

Fetter Lane is in London, and is situated near the busiest part of the busiest city in the world. It is but a stone's throw from Fleet street and the Strand—those crowded thoroughfares of which ever so many people who have never been near England have heard. The constant roar of the traffic, the tramp, tramp of the horses' feet, and the clatter of the foot passengers sound in those streets from early morning until very late at night.

Amongst the throng of hurrying people there may be noticed a great number of boys—boys of all kinds ages and trades. Many of them are pinched and hungry-looking, many of them are ill-clad and half-starved

apparently. They are engaged in various pursuits. Some are selling matches, others (these are generally a shade more respectable) are shoeblacks, but by far the greater number carry the little bundle beneath their arms which proclaim them as newsboys. Under horses' heads and behind omnibuses they dodge to waylay some likely customer, with their shrill cry: 'Extra special Star, News or Sun!'

Where do all these boys belong, and where do they stop at night? As to relations or friends, by far the greater number have none at all, or worse than none, for in many cases their presence thus early on the streets, picking up so uncertain and hard a livelihood, is the result of the selfishness and sin of a drunken parent.

Where do they live? Ah, that is a question not easy to answer. The address of too many of them is Nowhere. The best bed that their scanty pockets can command is an ill-kept corner in some lodging house, where the conversation and companions are mostly older in sin and sorrow than themselves, and when the papers hang on hand or the matches won't sell, then the boy's only resting place is some secluded door-step or seat on the embankment until the policeman's bull's-eye and 'move on' sends him on his way again.

It was in 1895 that a scheme was set on foot by General Booth which should help just such boys as these. Most of our readers will have heard of the Shelters for men and women which the Salvation Army has opened in all parts of the world, and which have been a blessing to thousands. The scheme which I refer to as being started nearly four years ago in the opening of a Boy's Shelter in Fetter Lane. It could not have been started in a better place. It has sleeping accommodation for one hundred boys at a time, and as it only costs four cents a night, the bunks have been well occupied. Meals at prices from one cent upwards are also supplied, and many a boy has got fed as well as sheltered by this means.

To tell all the good which has been accomplished by the Boys' Shelter would be too long a tale to tell here. One of the good things it has done has been to restore lots of lost boys, who have wandered from parents and home. Not long ago there came in a boy who had been naughty and ran away from his home. He had been lost to his friends for six months, but through the Boys' Shelter was restored to the arms of his broken-hearted mother on Christmas Day last.

I need hardly say that the great aim of the devoted officers in charge is to bless the boys' souls as well as their bodies, and teach them to live for heaven.—'Young soldier.'

Herbert Baldwin's Vacation.

(William Norris Burr in 'American Messenger.')

'I'm not so sure that I want him to go,' remarked Mrs. Baldwin.

'Why not?' inquired her husband.

'Oh, I don't know. Somehow I'm afraid of a schooner. If he were going on a steamer, one of the regular passenger boats, I would not think so much about it.'

'Oh, pshaw! that's foolish, mother. His uncle has been making these trips regularly for years, and has never gone down yet.'

'Yes, I know.'

A great deal of self-denial and disappointment had been crowded into Mrs. Baldwin's life, and she had grown into the way of expecting to meet disaster at every turn.

Herbert Baldwin, the only son, was employed in a retail store 'down town.' His uncle, Capt. Baldwin, of the lumber schooner 'Mary Thomas,' had invited Herbert to go with him up into the Elmwood country on his next trip.

'A little vacation will do the boy good. He has been working now pretty steadily for two years and more,' the sailor uncle had said in giving his invitation.

The prospect of a trip up the coast in his uncle's vessel was such an event in Herbert Baldwin's life that he had thought of little else during the days that had passed since the matter was first suggested by the captain of the 'Mary Thomas.'

'I suppose I'll be the one to have a vacation this summer, and that trip is about the finest thing I could wish for,' he had said to his father and mother.

In the store where Herbert was employed was one other young salesman of about his own age. The affairs of the establishment were in such a condition that but one of these clerks could well be spared for more than a day at a time, and if one took a vacation of two or three weeks or more the other would be obliged to remain at his post, with the promise of a day off occasionally if the way should be opened for it.

Frank Dennis had been out a great deal the previous summer on account of the illness of his father, and Herbert had worked faithfully during the hot months without a day's respite. Naturally Herbert felt himself entitled to the vacation this year, and his employers were of the same mind.

But Frank was not strong, and needed far more than Herbert to exchange the routine of the store for a season of freedom out of doors. While away from his work the previous summer he had devoted himself to his invalid father, taking up his tasks at the store again immed-

lately after his father's death. But the vacation this year belonged to Herbert, and Frank had given the matter no more thought than to wish sometimes as he walked wearily home at night that he could control time enough and money enough for a few weeks of rest away off in some place where everything would be new to him.

A few days before the 'Mary Thomas' was to sail for the north, Herbert, while out of the store for an hour on an errand for the firm, was attracted by a flock of English sparrows that seemed greatly interested in something down in the gutter near the street corner. There were probably fifty of the little creatures in the flock, and they were hopping about and chirping and chattering in a way that betokened some very unusual excitement in sparrowdom. Occasionally one or two of the birds would leave the others, and fly up the street as if in search of information of some kind, and when they came back they evidently brought some report which increased the general excitement.

Herbert approached quite close to the scene of the commotion, and soon found that the interest centered upon an old tin fruit-can that lay in the gutter. This the birds were trying to push along from the place where it lay, and the observer on the walk soon saw that they were also trying to roll it wholly out of the gutter. It seemed to be no easy matter to do this, though claws and wings and beaks were used to the best possible advantage. Finally, however, the can was pushed up the side of the gutter, and rolled well out into the street.

Upon examination, Herbert found a sparrow imprisoned in this can. The top had been but partly cut off, and hung by a small piece of the tin that served as a hinge. Probably the little bird in search of food had been tempted to enter the can, and in some way had tipped it over so that the 'door' had been closed, and birdie was a prisoner.

Herbert, of course, released the little captive, and it flew away with its companions. Just then a party of workmen connected with the waterworks came along and began to flush the gutter. This they had been doing further up the street, and suddenly it occurred to Herbert that the birds had seen them, knew they would soon be down to this point, and that their unfortunate comrade would be drowned if he remained much longer in that can in the gutter.

'The knowing little things!' he exclaimed: and then he told the story to the workmen.

'It's a pity the human race don't look after its unfortunate ones as well as the birds do after theirs,' commented a great, burly fellow, with a sour-looking countenance, who evidently fed his mind much upon pessimistic views of human affairs. 'A bird gets into a tight place, and the other birds set to work and help him out; but when a man gets into a tight place, who cares?'

As Herbert walked away he found his thought turning again towards a matter that had flashed into his mind that morning as he happened to notice Frank's pale, pinched face, and rather weary movements. 'Frank needs a vacation more than I do. I wish he could go with me on that ocean trip up the coast. Perhaps—perhaps I ought to give it up and let him go in my place.'

'I'll not be outdone by the birds,' he said to himself as he walked along with the workman's sweeping criticism fresh in his ears. 'Frank's in a tight place, and he ought to be helped. He must have a vacation or probably he will soon break down. I am strong and can get through the year better than he can. He shall fly away to the redwoods on the schooner "Mary Thomas" and pick up all the strength he can find, and I'll take a day off now and then when I can get it, and go down to the beach for a plunge in the surf. It's easier to think of than it is to do it, but I'll do it!'

And he did. Frank was not easily persuaded, but he finally yielded to Herbert's importunity; and when the 'Mary Thomas' sailed she carried the pale young salesman who most needed the salt air, the sight of the great red-woods, and all the freedom and freshness of a voyage from the south to the great lumber region of the northern coast.

It is needless, perhaps, to add that Herbert's employers took pains to make his 'days off' come around as often as possible that summer; and his mother was thankful that she had one less matter to worry her than at one time she thought she would have.

Johnny's Marble.

Seven little marbles lay huddled together in Johnny's pocket. They rattled merrily against one another, and when Johnny went hop, skip and jump, they went hop, skip and jump, too, for they were so glad that marble-time had come again. Only the big green marble that Johnny called a 'real' did not stir at all, and was not glad a bit.

'Oh, dear, I wish it was winter again!' said the big marble. 'Then I could sleep all day in Johnny's play-room, instead of rolling about on the pavement.'

'I think that is fun,' said the little brown marble.

'What fun is there in bumping together and knocking each other about?' asked the big marble. 'And as soon as one game is done, another begins. It is so tiresome!'

In fact, he began to feel so cross that he made up his mind to run away. So the next time that Johnny sent him flying against a row of the other marbles, he contrived to slip down under the fence; the green grass covered him over, and as it was just the same color as the 'real,' Johnny's sharp eyes failed to find him.

At first the lazy marble thought it was fine fun to lie still and do nothing, but soon he was tired of that. He could hear the boys on the sidewalk shouting their funny jargon, while his brother marbles rattled to and fro, and had such jolly games! How he wished that he was with them!

One day Johnny was digging a flower-bed by the fence, when his spade struck something hard.

'Why, here is my "real!"' he cried. 'What made you run away, you naughty fellow?'

Then Johnny took his other marbles from his pocket, and they had a fine play all together again; and the big, lazy marble was now as lively and jolly as the others, and clicked merrily against his neighbors as if he quite enjoyed the game. —'Youth's Companion.'

The Rain.

Let us watch the rain-drops falling
Till the sun is bright again;
Though we lose our walk this morning,
We are thankful for the rain.

For the rain must help the sunshine,
Or no flowers would ever grow,
And no yellow corn would rustle
In the pleasant fields we know.

Surely with our books and pictures
We can be content and good,
While the rain abroad prepares us
Pretty flowers and wholesome food.

For a woeful world it would be
If God kept the rain away,
So we will not fret nor grumble
That it is a rainy day.
—J. Fyfie in 'Adviser.'

LESSON VI.—AUG. 6.

A New Heart.

Ezekiel xxxvi., 25-46. Memory verses 25-27. Read Ezekiel xi., 14-25: Jeremiah xxxi., 31-34.

Golden Text.

'A new heart also will I give you.'—Ezek. xxxvi., 26.

Home Readings.

July.
M. Ezek. 36: 22-30.—The new heart.
Aug.
T. Ezek. 36: 31-38.—The new heart.
W. Ezek. 11: 14-21.—The gift of God.
Th. Jer. 31: 31-34.—The new covenant.
F. Jer. 32: 36-44.—A God-fearing heart.
S. Jer. 42: 1-7.—Whole-hearted return.
Su. Titus 3: 1-8.—Regeneration.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—25. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.

School.—26. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.

27. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

28. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.

29. I will also save you from all your uncleanness: and I will call for the corn, and will increase it, and lay no famine upon you.

30. And I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more reproach of famine among the heathen.

31. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations.

32. Not for your sake do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Is'ra-el.

33. Thus saith the Lord God; In the day that I shall have cleansed you from all your iniquities I will also cause you to dwell in the cities, and the wastes shall be builded.

34. And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.

35. And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of E'den; and the waste and desolate and ruined cities are become fenced, and are inhabited.

36. Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate: I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it.

The Bible Class.

'The heart.'—I. Sam. xvi., 7: Psa. xxxiv., 18; li., 17; lxxviii., 36, 37; cxii., 7; cxli., 3, 4: Prov. iv., 23: Isa. lvii., 15: Jer. xvii., 9, 10: Ezek. xi., 19; xviii., 31; xxxvi., 26: Joel ii., 13: Matt. vi., 21; xii., 34, 35; xvi., 18: Rom. x., 8-11: I. Pet. I., 22, 23; III., 3, 4: I. John III., 18-21: Deut. xi., 13, 14.

'Cleansing.'—Psa. xix., 7-9, 12-14; Isa. I., 16-18: Matt. viii., 2, 3: John, xiii., 8, 10, 14; xv., 3, 4: Eph. v., 26, 27: I. John I., 7-10: Rev. I., 5, 6; vii., 14: Heb. ix., 11-14.

Suggestions

Ezekiel prophesied for about twenty years in the land of captivity. Having been born and brought up in Judea, he was taken with other captives to Babylon, at about the same time that King Jehoiachin was taken, B.C. 597. For five years Ezekiel, the priest, dwelt by the river Chebar, in the land of the Chaldeans, (Ezek. I., 2, 3.) pondering the condition of his beloved people. The nation was rushing headlong to ruin, defying God and disregarding his warning punishments. In the fifth year Ezekiel began to prophesy and tell forth the wonderful visions that God gave him. Jeremiah in Judea and Daniel in Chaldea were contemporary prophets with Ezekiel. Jerusalem was destroyed B.C. 586. The exquisite prophecy contained in our lesson for to-day belongs to the period directly following the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews.

It is calculated to create hope and trust in the heart of the penitent exiles, and to inspire the most rebellious with sorrow for their sins and loving repentance toward the God of such love and mercy.

'Not for your sakes, O house of Isreal, but for mine holy name's sake.' God is holy and righteous, his justice is pure love. God loves the sinner. Because of his intense love to the soul he must hate the sin that defiles and destroys it. Sin must be destroyed and if the soul clings to sin it must suffer the same fate. He who would have his sins washed away must repent and give up the sin. That sin can not be forgiven which is willingly retained.

Heaven would cease to be heaven if man could enter in with his sins. The heart must be washed from sin, as a person covered with slime would have to be washed to be comfortable in clean, pure surroundings. Clean water is the symbol of purity. As one gazing into a sheet of clear, pure water sees there his own likeness, so the Lord God looking down into the pure, clean heart of a humble Christian sees reflected there his own likeness, and the pure in heart are blessed because they behold and reflect God.

He who would reform without the transforming power of Jesus Christ is a man who would paint the pumps which gave forth bitter water in order to purify it. Or as a man who would cover with a fair white cloth a jar full of impurities. 'God looketh not on the outward appearance but on the heart.'

Lesson Hymn.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak
Where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, holy, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

—C. Wesley.

C. E. Topic.

Aug. 6. Drifting.—Eph. iv., 14; Jas. i., 1-8.

Junior C. E.

Aug. 6.—How can we conquer our sins? Heb. 12: 17.

How to Prepare the Sunday-School Lesson.

1. Be in earnest.
2. Keep in the spirit of prayer.
3. Begin preparation early in the week.
4. Work along some plan.
5. Avoid ruts.
6. Adapt your preparation to your class.
7. Be on the lookout for illustrations.
8. Think out some appropriate and pertinent questions.
9. Use pencil and paper.
10. Expect results.
11. Do not get discouraged.

In giving the steps of lesson preparation, the following are the divisions, but can only be hinted at here:

1. Read the lesson through several times.
2. Read the lesson again, verse by verse, with prayer for spiritual guidance.
3. Consider the context.
4. Make good use of the marginal references.
5. Study lesson helps.
6. Search out all geographical references on the map.
7. Study the meaning of the words and verses not easily understood.
8. Take time for meditation.
9. Review this work; pray for help, and go to your class with faith and enthusiasm.—The Rev. Dwight E. Marvin.

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER IX.—EFFECT OF TOBACCO ON THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1.—Q.—What effect does tobacco have on the mind?

A.—It enfeebles the memory, paralyzes the will, corrupts the imagination, and deadens the moral sensibilities.—Proverbs, 4th chapter, 5th verse.

2. Q.—How is this done?

A.—It diseases the mind through the nerves, sometimes causing insanity. This is spoken of in the asylums as 'tobacco insanity.'

3. Q.—How is nicotine conveyed to every part of the body by the use of tobacco?

A.—It is taken into the blood through the mouth, the stomach, and the lungs. The blood then carries it to all parts of the body.

4. Q.—What effect does tobacco have upon the brain?

A.—The brain is inflamed, causing headache and dizziness.

5. Q.—What effect on the nerves?

A.—The whole nervous system gets out of order, sleep is broken, memory weakened, the will power is lost, and insanity is often the result. It also causes apopolexy, palsy, and epilepsy.

6. Q.—What does research show us, as regards the spread of insanity in France?

A.—That insanity has kept pace with the use of tobacco.

7. Q.—Are nervous and mental diseases more frequent than formerly?

A.—They are becoming more numerous every year, and the increase is altogether among men who use liquor and tobacco, notably among smokers.

8. Q.—Does tobacco cause paralysis?

A.—The surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, England, says: 'Smoking is one of the chief causes of paralysis. This fact is confirmed by the most eminent physicians.'

9. Q.—Does the use of tobacco affect the hearing?

A.—Yes, it often injures the nerves of the ear and causes deafness.

10. Q.—What did the late Hon. Chas. Steele testify as to his experience in the use of tobacco?

A.—'That he was prostrated by an attack of delirium tremens, brought on wholly by the use of tobacco.'

11. Q.—What did Prof. Bascom, of Williams College, say of the habit?

A.—'Ugly and unclean, it is an indulgence that holds in its right hand a stinging scourge.'

Converted While Trying to Annoy.

In a provincial town, mainly composed of working people who had gathered from the surrounding villages to work in the factories which sprang up in consequence of the mechanical inventions of twenty years ago and since, a Christian woman lived whose house was well known as a place where God dwelt. She was not rich, she was not strong, and she was not a public speaker, but her influence was a power amongst the poor of that town. Many homes had been brightened by her presence as she read to the sick of the holy, loving Saviour, and many were the young men and the all-too-famous drunkards who had signed the temperance pledge at her persuasion.

One year when the whole town had been stirred by a Gospel temperance mission, hundreds had taken the pledge, and the publicans were bemoaning their losses. There were two men in the town, the leaders in all the brawls—tall fellows, each standing six feet—who had not been gathered in with the rest. Many prayers had been offered for them, but apparently without avail. One day a publican jokingly told them—evidently to annoy the woman who had been the mainspring of the mission—that if they, with two of their boon companions, would go to the house of Mrs. D—— and take the pledge, she would give them a cup of tea. The men were incredulous, but determined to go, and were soon standing before the front door of the house, ringing the bell.

The girl who opened the door regarded the big men with something of horror, but they

were in truth more nervous than she, as they put forward the most hardened of the party to say, 'Tell Mrs. D—— we've come to sign the pledge.'

With hardly a moment's hesitation the men were ushered into a small dining-room, redolent then with the early summer roses. Trembling, and yet glad, the Christian woman entered soon afterwards to greet her strange visitors. Then men were ill at ease, and a half-guilty blush overspread their faces as their hostess innocently said, 'I will send for tea for you;' and after they had drunk it, and eaten the cake which was pressed upon them, she continued, 'Now, before you sign this pledge, we will kneel down and ask the Lord to help you keep it.'

What a prayer poured forth from her heart as she knelt with those men who had not knelt for years! and as she finished, her daughter continued, pleading till her voice was scarcely heard for the sobbing of one man who, with his head on his arm, cried for mercy.

It was a solemn party who, with the blue ribbons neatly pinned on their coats, marched into the street. One of the four was soundly converted, and the boasting was gone from the rest. Their wives wondered why they would not touch the drink for weeks afterwards. The seed had been sown, and it sprang up in due season. It was months afterwards that the Christian woman learned the reason of their visit, and long afterwards the saved man, plucked as a brand from the burning, would tell of the visit to that 'blessed parlor' where he found forgiveness.—'Christian Herald.'

Where Are They?

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of liquor licenses the town should petition for, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses: They had better license good men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index to no light sufferings, yet there was something in the flash of her bright eyes that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

'You,' said she, 'all know who I am. You once knew me as mistress of one of the best estates in this borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never five better or more affectionate children. But where are they now. Doctor, I ask where are they now?

'In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and, oh! they are all drunkards' graves!

'Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm.

'And you, too, sir, (addressing the parson,) would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

'Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink.

'Now,' she said, 'I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir—you doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkards' graves.'

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—'Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?' Then the unbroken 'No!' which made the very walls re-echo, told the result of the old woman's appeal.—'War Cry.'

Correspondence

Rockford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father lives on a farm along the Nanticooke river. I go to school all the time. I have to go about one half mile. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I like to read the letters of the young people. I have a pet lamb, and a pet cat. I and my schoolmates go skating in winter on the river. There is a large mill just below our place. We go sleigh-riding too. W. L. (aged 13.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wish to write and thank you for the nice book which you sent me as my prize. I like it very much. I have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I could read, and I enjoy it too. My father takes the 'Witness,' and we all like to read it.

Our school holidays begin very soon, and the mid-summer examinations will come first.

ANNIE J.

Seneca.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of 150 acres. I go to school every day, and am in the second reader, and am going to try for the third this summer. I have started to take music lessons, and I have had my seventh lesson to-day; I do not like to practice much. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters very well. I have one sister and two brothers. We have twelve cows and eight calves, and three cats and one dog named Ben. We live four miles from Caledonia, and go to the English Church. My brother was churchwarden last year.

GLADYS H. (aged 8).

Dawson Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I receive your paper every week, and take very much pleasure in reading it. I do not go to school at present, but expect to go next term. I live in sight of the church and schoolhouse. I have five brothers and two sisters, four of whom go to school. We have a very nice teacher, and his name is Mr. Jonah. There are seventy names on the register. This is the first letter I have ever written to a paper.

HETTIE E. S. (aged 14).

Chilliwack, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in Chilliwack Valley, on a farm, and my father is a farmer, and we have thirteen cows and six horses. My pets are a cat and a little white hen, whose name is Polly. I have a little baby sister; her name is Laura. She is very mischievous and she is three years old. Millie L. I. is a friend of mine. She does not live far from us. I am twelve years old. I like going to school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Templer; she is very kind. I must close. MAGGIE E. P.

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the Souris district. I will now tell you something about the game in Manitoba. The wild geese come in great numbers in the spring and fall, and feed in the wheat stubble morning and evening. When feeding they always have sentinels on the look out for danger. My father has shot four different kinds: (1) a dark gray goose, with a black head, black neck and black feet; (2) a grey kind, with light bill and yellow feet; (3) a gray kind, with light bill, yellow feet and a black and white mottled breast; (4) a white kind, with a light bill, black tips on the wings and tail and the feet have a bluish cast.

He shot nine a year ago this spring, twenty last fall, and thirty-seven this spring. They are very wild and hard to shoot, except a person has some trick that they are not accustomed to. Some sportsmen place decoys in a field, and dig a pit near them, in which they conceal themselves. When the wild geese see the decoys they come to alight thinking they are other geese. When near enough the sportsman jumps up and shoots. There are other methods of getting them, which I will omit telling, as it would take too much space in your paper. The ones my father shot weighed from six to nine pounds each, but there are other kinds that weigh as high as sixteen pounds each. They are very nice to eat, and have beautiful feathers, which make nice beds and pillows.

The wild turkeys are slate-colored, and stand about four feet high. They have very wide wings, long necks, long black legs and sharp-pointed bills about five inches in length. Their flight is slow, and when they go to rise they take a little jump. They soar very high, sometimes going as high as the clouds. My father shot seven this spring. They were nice for eating, and weighed from ten to fourteen pounds each.

The wild ducks feed in the same way as the geese and turkeys. In wet seasons they are very plentiful. There are four different kinds that I know of, viz., the teal, the spike tail, the mallard and the canvas back. The latter has a tough skin and the feathers are spotted black and white. Vests are made of its skin. The prairie chicken resembles a partridge, only it is larger. The feathers on the lower part of its body look like a Plymouth rock hen, and the back is brown. They cackle at night like a hen. In the morning they make a booming sound with their wings and at other times they whistle. They can fly very fast, and when a person is walking along the prairie, they will fly right up at your feet and surprise you very much.

I like the 'Messenger' very much. It teaches us lessons that we can take to ourselves and be benefited thereby.

EZRA S. LAIRD (aged 14).

London.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have one brother and sister; my sister's name is Helen, and my brother's name is Elgin. I live on a farm, and I am here visiting my little cousin, Chrissie Armstrong; she is fond of fun, and we have good times together. We drove through the camp grounds and saw all the tents; it looked like a funny little town with small white houses, they must be something like the snow houses I have read about in Greenland. It was very nice to see the soldiers in their red and blue coats, and the officers with feathers in their hats, the big cannon made an awful noise, when they fired them and our horse was quite frightened. We then went to the aged people's home, and saw the old men and women, it is nice for old people who have no friends to be cared for. The weather is fine and warm, and we take trips to Port Stanley and other places. Uncle is at the general assembly, so we try to be good to auntie, and not make too much noise except when we play out-of-doors. MARY GLADYS (aged 9.)

Lachute, Que.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for over fifteen years, and we all like it very much. I go to school every day, and am in the Fourth Book. I have got two prizes from the Inspector, and three from the teacher, and expect another at the closing, as I came out first in my grade. There are twenty-eight scholars in our school. We are going to have a picnic at the closing of school on Friday, June. 30. I have been taking music lessons and like it very much, I go to Sunday-school and get a paper and a Library book every Sunday.

JENNIE A. (aged 12.)

Covehead.

Dear Editor,—I have been greatly interested in reading the 'Correspondence' so I thought I would write too. I am 14 years old, and I weigh 104 lbs. I go to school every day and I am learning French and Latin. I have four sisters, and two brothers, three are in Manitoba. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I also go to Sunday-school. I have no pets, but we have got two little foals. I am saving some stamps and coins. I have 260 stamps and 11 coins; one is very old, 1797, is the date. I took the 'Messenger' since last January, and I think I will keep on taking it; there are such lovely pieces in it. I take two papers besides the 'Messenger,' 'Sabbath Reading,' and 'Young People's Weekly'; but I like the 'Messenger the best, though the other papers are dearer. Yours truly, L. B. M.

Garland.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Garland, so I thought I would write one. I like to read the letters, and 'Little Folks' page. My aunt Adelia sent me the 'Messenger' this year for a Christmas present. I like it very much. I am going to get some subscribers this summer. We live on a farm three miles from the Bay of Fundy. I have three brothers and one sister.

MARGARET E. B. (aged 10 years.)

HOUSEHOLD.

About Cracks in the Floor.

How to do away with the unsightly cracks in our wooden floors, and, especially, how to get rid of the noxious insects which are so likely to find refuge in them, is the subject of a couple of paragraphs in the Kansas City 'Star,' from which we quote as follows:

When the winter floor coverings are carried out, and great coolness and cleanliness is the result, too often an unsightly stretch of board is presented to view. Flooring in any except the best-built modern houses is so often ill-laid that the housekeeper is puzzled how to conceal the small chasms between the planks. Rugs are costly and dusty, and to paint or varnish a straggling floor is love's labor almost lost.

Common sense advises her to fill up the cracks, but how—not with putty? There is a better plan than that. Gather up all the letters from the waste-paper basket until there is a big bagful; enough paper to stuff a couple of big sofa cushions. Set the idle or the willing members of the family to shredding into bits the paper board. This accomplished, pile the tatters into a pot with water and cook it. To every quart of paper and water add a handful of gum arabic, and let the whole simmer to a very thick cream.

The sequence is easily guessed. The mixture must be put hot in the cracks, well packed, and neatly smoothed. When cold it is ready for the coat of floor paint, and as hard as the rest of the boards, for it is really nothing more nor less than a papier-mache, and every one knows what a tough article that is.

Cracks in floors are altogether too great a temptation for insects, so it is best to do away with the possibility of their proving a harbinger by adding a little Paris green to the paper filling. This poison will banish entirely the hideous water-beetles that often infest even the cleanest kitchens and bath rooms. Care must be taken to keep it away from children and pet animals, as it is very poisonous. A little mixed with sugar, and put on old plates or saucers over night, and used once or twice in a season, will be all that is required. Those familiar with country life know what a boon this green paint has been to farmers in ridding them of the ubiquitous potato-beetle, and there is no reason why the housekeeper should fear this ammunition if used intelligently. —'Voice.'

Don't.

A mother who found herself becoming peevish and exacting asked a sister who was visiting her to keep a strict account of the number of times in one day in which she (the mother) said 'Don't!' to her four children, respectively ten, seven, four and two years of age. The conscientious sister-in-law kept a careful memorandum, and when the children were in their beds for the night showed the tired mother the record. From eight in the morning until the same hour in the evening she had said 'Don't' eighty-seven times. After serious thought the mother came to the conclusion that at least one-half of those 'don'ts' had been unnecessary. She had grown into the habit of uttering the prohibitory word on all occasions. The nervous mothers of our day would do well to follow her example and limit the number of their 'don'ts' which are often spoken with regard to innocent, although perhaps noisy, amusements.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Remedies for Quiet People.

When we are called upon to assist a neighbor in time of sickness, we are often reminded of the fact that there are very few families who keep a supply of simple remedies on hand, ready for emergencies. A family medicine chest is one of the necessaries in the household, and every housewife should understand how to use its contents. There should be a place for keeping all the bottles and packages, although it may be nothing better than an upper shelf of the closet or pantry. They can then be found without loss of time, which is not the case when the bottles are left scattered about on the windows and mantels all over the house.

The home medicine chest should contain a bottle of camphor, some good liniment, a box of pills, a few doses of quinine in capsules, sweet oil, castor oil, paregoric, flax seed, mustard, borax, vaseline, and various other things that have been tried and found good.

Should any member of the family be severely burned, cover the burned portion with linseed oil, then wrap it with cotton batting. Allow it to remain twenty-four hours or more, then apply some healing oil or salve, and it will soon be well.

An excellent liniment for man or beast may be made by beating an egg until light, then adding half a pint of turpentine and a little strong camphor. This is good for a sprain or severe bruise, or a pain in any part of the body.

Castor oil, paregoric, flax seed, and mustard are remedies that are too common to need description. Nothing is better for a cut or a rough jagged wound than to bathe it with a solution of borax and water, and keep cloths wet with the solution around it. If the baby is troubled with the thrush, which is a common, and often a dangerous disease of babyhood, mix one part of borar with eight parts of honey, and apply it to the inside of the mouth. For common sore mouth, put a pinch of borar in a little water, and wash the mouth with it every morning. A little borax dissolved in water is good for sour stomach. It possesses wonderful antiseptic powers, and purifies and cleanses everything upon which it is used.

There should always be a roll of old muslin or linen kept in a convenient place, ready to use for poultices, often saves time, and needed for applying hot fomentations. A supply of sacks made of thin muslin, ready to use for puoltices, often saves time, and time is valuable when the little one is suffering acute pain, or has an attack of the croup.—New York 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Fried Mush.—The following recipe for frying mush is from the 'Country Gentleman': Make Indian meal porridge very smooth and well boiled, taking care not to scorch it. When thoroughly cooked pour into a shallow pan or dish, in which the mush will be three or four inches deep. Next morning cut in smooth slices about three-quarters of an inch thick, have ready a very hot frying pan, put into this some good lard or dripping, and when it is also hot, lay in the slices and fry to a crisp, golden brown, turning carefully, so as to break as little as possible. Serve hot, but do not cover the dish, and eat with maple syrup and butter. It is a little difficult for some people to prepare this dish well. They do not boil the mush enough at first or else they scorch it. Then many cooks fry it in this way: They put a cold frying pan on the stove, put in a big lump of cold fat, and immediately put in whatever they wish to fry, and let all heat up togther. This product is a greasy, sticky mass, and this it is that has brought such discredit upon the practice of frying, which, if only properly done, is just as healthful as any other mode of cooking. If you have a very hot pan before you put in your lard and then let the lard also get very hot before you put in the article to be fried, the surface will instantly be crisped and the juice kept in, and no grease whatever will soak into it, as is so often the case.

Welsh Rarebit.—This is a Boston Cooking School suggestion: Melt one tablespoonful butter, add one teaspoonful cornstarch, and stir until well mixed; then add one half a cupful of thin cream or milk and cook two minutes. Add one-half a pound of mild soft cheese thinly shaved, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, a few grains of cayenne. Stir until soft and creamy, and pour over toasted bread, toasted on only one side, or zephyrettes. There is a great difference in cheese, and failure sometimes results from unsuitable cheese. A speck of soda added to the rarebit will make it more digestible. No egg will be necessary unless it shows signs of stringing, when the egg is useful to blind it.

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